THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

" Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number
" have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—com-
" mencing DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

Vol. II.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1807. [No. 39.

POLITICAL.

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THE DANGERS OF THE COUNTRY; *by the author of War in Disguise.*

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(Continued from page 181.)

OUR author proceeds in his discussion by examining the all important question,

" Ought we to make peace with France ?"

A Burke could not have been more decidedly opposed to the measure, nor have supported his opinions with more energy and eloquence. He declares, that " he dares not suppress at this awful conjuncture, his very serious, though perhaps erroneous opinion, that a peace with France, if accomplished by the late negociations, would have been fatal to the security of the country."

" Unfortunately, (he continues) from the nature of our constitution, ministers are not always at liberty to follow that path of policy which they may deem the best in itself. Interior difficulties, arising from parliamentary opposition, or from the popular voice, may drive them out of that course which they would otherwise think it prudent to steer; and in this instance, it seems to have been imagined, that the public voice began to declare for peace.

" At the same time, I find it difficult to conjecture whence that impression arose; unless from a natural source of mistake to which great men, whether in or out of office, are unavoidably exposed. There is nothing on which it is safer to hazard an opinion in private, than the inclination of the popular voice; and a statesman is not likely to hear any information, hostile to opinions, which are understood to be his own. In this case it certainly was very generally understood that the new administration, especially Mr. Fox, and his friends, were decidedly bent upon peace.

But whatever might be the source of this impression, I am confidently of opinion that it was erroneous; that the nation at large was never more generally disposed for the prosecution of war; and that the burst of joy with which the rupture of the late negociation was received at the Exchange, would have been echoed from the remotest parts of the kingdom, if its sound, and its occasion, could have been heard so far. Not that the people love, or do not deplore the war; but that they wisely despair of any real or abiding peace; and dread the consequences of any treaty that can be made with France at this period.

" We have heard much lately of the *uti possidetis*; but this basis, from the offer of which the enemy receded in respect of the shore, he cannot be expected to extend to the sea. If he would apply it to the relative situations of the British and French navies, allowing us to keep the exclusive possession of the ocean, and engaging neither to increase his marine, nor send his fleets out of port, nor prepare seamen to man them hereafter, the true spirit of the *uti possidetis* might apply to the present new and extraordinary case; in which, as Napoleon himself admits, the dominion of the sea is in our possession; and is an advantage which forms our only counterpoise to his tremendous continental power. But since this application of the principle cannot be hoped for or proposed, the specious basis for which we so eagerly contended, would in truth be fallacious and unequal. It would leave to France all her present means of annoyance, and soon deprive us of that extreme ascendency at sea, which is our chief mean of defence. It is like the equality of proposing to a man that has a shorter sword than his enemy, that each shall keep his pistols, provided he will come out of the house in which he has taken shelter, or let the door be open to both.

" In yielding to us the sovereignty of

new colonies and settlements beyond the Atlantic, or in the extremity of Africa, he well knows that he shall give us no means of future security against his arms; but on the contrary, increase those fatal drains which exhaust our defensive energies. What can a man who wishes to conquer England, desire better, than to give her new colonies to garrison, in the sickly swamps of Guiana; and new civil and military establishments to maintain, at the Cape of Good Hope? He professes indeed to place a great value on colonies; and, perhaps, considering the situation of France, might reasonably do so; but new distant territory to Great-Britain, is like new projections from the upper floors of a building which already overhangs its base.

"Who that attentively considers the spirit of Napoleon's late decree against our commerce, can be insensible to the danger of his acting on the same principle in time of peace? He might then perhaps find means to carry into effect, what he now impotently threatens. The necessities of his subjects, and of the subjects of his allies and dependants, will secure to us their custom during war, in spite of his prohibitions; for it cannot be supposed that our government will omit to employ the obvious means of counteracting them. I hope rather that we shall embrace the fair opportunity which it affords of asserting more firmly our maritime rights, and thereby giving new vigour to British commerce. But when we shall have no longer the power of opposing to regulations on shore, the pressure of our hostilities by sea; when the ships of France, Spain, Holland, Genoa, and Venice, and all the other maritime countries now hostile to us, shall be able to navigate without interruption, on every voyage, and with every species of merchandize; the same interdict on our trade, in the inoffensive form of municipal laws, may produce the desired effect, and gradually exclude us from almost all the ports of Europe."

The following remarks on the character of Bonaparte are worth the attention of his American admirers.

"The last, and most decisive objection to peace, is that Napoleon clearly cannot be trusted; and has now so completely broken down the balance of Europe, that he has no guarantee to offer to us for his observance of any treaty that he may make.

"That he is faithless, is sufficiently notorious; and what is worse, he feels no restraint from a regard to character, but is, on the contrary, vain of his fraudful policy. This trait in the character of that extraordinary man, has not, in my apprehension, excited all the attention that it deserves; for it is in a high degree curious and important. Other conquerors have been perfidious; but I can recollect no instance of any other sovereign, who was proud and ostentatious of his contempt for truth and justice, both in the cabinet and in the field.

"To the intelligent reader, instances of this peculiarity in Napoleon, may perhaps readily occur. The Egyptian expedition, a creature of his own, abounded, from first to last, with proofs of it. His dispatches, under a thin veil of expression, too flimsy even to deceive the lowest of the vulgar, and used only to make his address conspicuous, informed France and Europe of that foul perfidy, with which nations at peace with the republic, Turks, Mamelukes, and Arabs, were alternately cajoled and deceived. The sanguinary means of conquest, were also coolly narrated; and Denon, in his account of the expedition to Upper Egypt, published at Paris under the auspices of Bonaparte himself, needlessly enlarges upon the barbarities committed by the French army in the villages of the miserable Cophts, as if they added to the honours of his patron.

"He took care also that his impious hypocrisy in that country, should be perfectly understood in France. His open disavowal of Christ, in his proclamations to a Mahometan people, and his assumption of the name of Ali, to countenance the pretence of his being a convert to their faith, appeared, if I remember right, in his official dispatches, as well as in his Egyptian state papers; and it is probable, that the desire of being admired for his address at home, more than the hope of any direct benefit from the cheat among the Mussulmen, was the motive of that vile expedient.

"His late elaborate, though contemptuous, answer to the Prussian manifesto, is evidently an instance of similar conduct. The absurd policy into which he had long betrayed the unfortunate monarch, is artfully pointed out to the notice of every observant reader; and, those measures which were the result of a fatal complaisance for, and confidence in the usurper himself, are held up as having exposed their credulous and simple author to the distrust and hatred of Austria, and thereby prepared his fall.

"In publishing Sebastiana's report, he gave, according to Mr. Pitt's observation, a greater cause of war than even the insidious mission of that agent; and yet it was evidently published, not for the sake of insulting the powers with which he was then at peace, but for the sake of exhibit-

ing state-craft, and contempt for the obligation of treaties.

"Other instances not less striking, might be found in his European policy; and if so strange a singularity of character were still doubtful, we might borrow a still stronger illustration of it from a case well known in the West-Indies; and which, though little noticed in this country, was recorded in the Paris gazettes. I mean not the well-known treachery towards Toussaint, but the treatment of Pelage, the chief leader in Guadaloupe, and the black army under his command.

"The negroes in that Island, remained perfectly quiet and obedient to their masters, through the most trying revolutionary times, till Victor Hugues, and his brother commissioners, arrived with a decree for their enfranchisement, in the summer of 1794; and by their help, reconquered the island from the British army, to which it had surrendered. From that time to the peace of Amiens, the new citizens not only defended the island for France, when she had no other possession left in the Antilles, but enabled her to do infinite mischief to the neighbouring British colonies; and powerfully diverted our arms and treasure from the European contest, at the most critical period of the war.

"Interior subordination and good conduct accompanied these important services; and Bonaparte himself on the restitution of peace, publicly praised these black patriots, whose freedom was then anew most solemnly guaranteed by the state, and by himself, for having maintained the Island in a state of great agricultural value. He added, by way of apology to the planters, that "it would cost humanity "too much to attempt there, a new revolu- "tion." At the same moment, however, he sent a new governor, La Crosse, with an army, to restore slavery and the cart-whip; and that officer was proceeding to execute his instructions, when the negroes, under Pelage their chief leader, resisted, and drove him from the island.

"They acted, nevertheless, with the utmost humanity and moderation; and sent a very loyal address to the chief consul, humbly justifying their conduct, imputing the strange attempt of La Crosse to a breach of his orders, and offering to receive dutifully any other governor whom the republic might choose to send. Napoleon took them at their word; and Richepanse, whom he sent out with new and most solemn declarations that liberty should be inviolably maintained, was received by Pelage and the chief part of his black army, with all the honours due to the representative of the republic. A part however of the negro army, being less credulous after what they had recently witnesssed, refused to obey his orders; upon which Pelage marched his loyal troops against them, and after several bloody conflicts, completely suppressed all resistance to the authority of the new governor. The last body of the disaffected negro soldiery that held out, consisting of some hundreds, took shelter in a fort, and when they found it no longer tenable against their numerous and brave assailants, followed a memorable example of ancient resolution in the cause of liberty, by setting fire to their magazine. The explosion, not only saved every one of these intrepid men from the whips of the drivers, but was fatal to many of their brave deluded brethren, who were approaching to storm the walls.

"Bonaparte, in his gazette account, paid a very high tribute of praise to the astonishing gallantry of Pelage and his black battalions, by whom such determined enemies had been subdued. But what was their immediate reward? To be treacherously divided, seized at their different posts by surprise, sent on board transports, and, as was supposed in the neighbouring islands, drowned at sea. The only reason for imagining that the report of their being destroyed in that mode, may not have been universally true, is that at the commencement of the present war, an article in some French news-papers, importing that Pelage was set at liberty from a prison in France; but it was probably only designed to inspire a fear into our government, that this brave leader might again be employed to annoy us in the Antilles: for neither he, nor his exiled followers, have since been heard of.

"I do not cite this case for the very needless purpose of showing that Bonaparte is perfidious in the highest degree, but to prove that he is proud of that quality; for this unparalleled instance of fraud and ingratitude, though notorious in the West-Indies, would probably never have been fully known in Europe, if he had chosen to conceal it; and he had actually concealed the cause of the expulsion of La Crosse, together with the loyal address of Pelage and his countrymen, for the sake of suppressing the disgraceful result of his first attempt on negro liberty in Guadaloupe, till he received accounts of the success of his second perfidious stratagem. But as soon as he learnt from Richepanse, that all the military negroes were destroyed; and their unarmed cultivators in his power, he filled the columns of the Moniteur with their address, though then several months old; and a few days after, announced all the events that followed; relating coolly the arrest and deportation of Pelage and his troops, without even accusing them of a

fault, or suggesting any other excuse, for that unexampled perfidy of which they were the victims."

Such are the outlines of the character of Bonaparte, sketched by the hand of a master. The picture cannot be viewed without emotion by every American patriot. The nod of this man already controls the councils of our country. With him was negociated our so much boasted purchase of Louisiana, and on his good faith alone are we compelled to rely for even one hour's peaceable possession of a country, whose acquisition is the theme of so much exultation among our American jacobins.

The creatures and emissaries of this usurper abound in the United States, and have even had the temerity, in some instances, to throw off the mask, and declare, that their master meditated our conquest. Still Americans, instead of being awakened to a sense of their danger, have intrusted most of the important offices of their country in the hands of the friends and admirers of this arch jacobin.

MARSHALL'S
LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we afford our aid in giving currency to the following remarks of the Repertory, upon Judge Marshall's history of the life of Washington. The fifth volume, in particular, which contains an account of Washington's political administration, is a work of the highest interest, and ought to be in the library and in the *recollection* of every American. No man can peruse it with attention, at the same time divesting himself of the feelings of party prejudice, without feeling the highest respect for the exalted virtues and talents of the father of his country, and a proportionate disapprobation of the characters and conduct of those who strove from the first, by every means in their power, to baffle and thwart his glorious designs, and who finally succeeded in driving his adherents and followers from the seats of power. It is true, that with regard to some of the most wicked machinations against the administration of Washington, the *whole truth* is not told; and it is perhaps expedient, that as those most deeply engaged in these machinations hold the first offices under the government, both *at home* and *abroad*, the whole should not at present be told. The future historian will be able, without difficulty, to fill up the outlines, so as to present a perfect portrait. Enough, however, is given to enable every discerning reader to trace the opposition against Washington's administration to its real source, and to assign the true motives of those who fomented the passions of the people till they were induced to rise in open rebellion and take up arms against the government of the man to whom they owed their existence as a nation. *U. S. Gaz.*

FROM THE REPERTORY.

When good men are compelled to see their country degraded by the triumphs of faction; to see the black-hearted demagogue stealing through every avenue of intrigue, imposition, and treachery, to the highest and most important stations a country can bestow; when they see the noble spirited veteran, who led his fellow countrymen to fame and freedom, assailed by the poisoned shafts of the most infamous calumniators that cowardice, malice, and ambition could bribe, and descending to the grave blasted by suspicion and slander; when they see the most eminent services in civil life forgotten, public virtue overwhelmed with scorn, and the most insolent and unprincipled of faction's crew riding in imagined glory on the shoulders of a volatile populace; the most powerful and rational consolation they enjoy, next to the consciousness of their own rectitude is, that every country has its faithful historians.

It is in vain that honest patriotism is overborne by hypocritical pretensions; that a giddy multitude are coaxed to turn their backs upon their benefactors, and for a while withhold that meed of praise which virtue claims. Money, drink, or empty promises, will purchase their votes and give men office, but they cannot consecrate falsehood on the page of history. It is true, the world is filled with productions from the press adapted to the views of the most abandoned characters. But with the impostor the im-

posture dies.—Every demagogue's object is himself.—He who succeeds has no interest in perpetuating the misrepresentations by which his predecessor rose; and truth is at last suffered to descend unresisted to posterity. The public transactions of men, and the conduct of parties, though they may be ever so wrongly estimated by a multitude, who can more easily follow their passions than comprehend even very plain evidence, are always attended by circumstances which discover their *real characters* to the enlightened historian; and though mobs can vote, they cannot write history. They may well exult in their irresistible power to make an idol of a villain or a fool.—They can only make an idol for themselves.

It is notorious, that from the first operation of the federal government, the measures of the men who were then called to the public service with WASHINGTON at their head, were opposed, and that almost without exception. Though this opposition seemed at first to be small, and the mere collision of sentiment, to be expected in a free country, it grew with time;—it gained system, hardihood, and eventually, rancour. Rancour did not disgust a *virtuous* and *enlightened* community. The calumnies of the vilest wretches, whom crimes had driven to our shores, and whom the vilest of our aspiring demagogues employed, were read with avidity, though directed against men, to whose instrumentality the country owed its political salvation. To bring a long and humiliating narrative to a sentence, faction and intrigue prevailed. Washington witnessed the ingratitude of his country, and retired; and those of his friends who did not follow his example, by perseverance and misrepresentation, have been generally abandoned and scouted by the people.

Faction has now run its career. Votes have placed new men in authority, and given the reins of government into the hands of those who were obscure, unserviceable, or worse than unserviceable, in those times which required and commanded talents and integrity. We looked therefore with no small interest to a work which should give a faithful account of this disgraceful change to posterity. The chosen biographer of Washington was a man every way qualified for the important task of handing down a political history, which should do justice and command respect. His situation in life has prevented his ever engaging with party zeal in the political commotions of which he was a spectator. His reputation as a SCHOLAR, PATRIOT, and STATESMAN, was established—his integrity was beyond the reach of suspicion. He owed the cause of truth and the persecuted sages of his country much, in his fifth volume, and he has discharged the obligation. His book has already spread over the civilized world.—It has been deposited in the libraries of the learned.—At home and abroad it has taken its proper grade as a faithful record.

"To the hundredth and thousandth generation," our children will have a true picture of Mr. Jefferson, as well as of General Washington. The infamous calumnies of a Calender, a Duane, or Pasquin, have scarcely survived the exigencies of a party which they were produced to aid. Woods's history of the Adams administration was not sold before it was rendered unsaleable by universal contempt. But in MARSHALL'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON, the true political history of the United States during the period it embraces, down through ages go the services and injuries of an illustrious patriot, and the picture of a MISERABLE INTRIGUER—the willing dupe of a foreign faction, which through him assailed the proud fabric of American glory.

From the United States Gazette.

Nassau Hall, April 30th, 1807.

Mr. BRONSON,

That this delectable age is "*the age of reason*," and of the rights of boys too, as well as of men* and women†,

* Vide Tom Paine.
† Vide Mrs. Wolstoncraft.

no one who has a nut shell full of brains in his scull, will deny. And why not younkers have their exclusive rights, too, pray? Are little masters to lay aside their bibs and pap-spoons, and for the first time to draw on a pair of breeches and suwarrows, to go to a seminary of learning, there in the first place to be dubbed *misters*, and then to be subject to the caprices of pedagogues, with hearts harder than paving stones? Are they to leave the arms of their nurses, to go straightway into the arms of that bruin like demon, *Discipline;* that cramper of early *genius?* Are the exuberant sprouts of juvenile *vivacity* to be lopped off by the keen scissors of that Amazonian despot, just as they have begun cleverly to vegetate? No, sir! *We* will no longer bear such wrongs! Sooner shall our college and academies disgorge the monster.—Yea, sooner will *we burn* those edifices down about her ears! *We* will! Be it known henceforth to all literary tyrants, that strange as the fact is, the right exercise, and the abuse of power, are two things; that the *use* of power is to suffer *us* to do as *we* please—and the abuse of it, to bear hard on and curb our *innocent*, and, of course, *harmless* propensities. This point settled beyond all dispute, I shall proceed to explain the cause of these observations—and of the trouble I am now giving you, sir.

A few weeks since, some towering spirit amongst us, in this college, had the temerity to go one night, and attack a hog-stye in the back Campus, firebrand in hand, and that too without a soul to support him in the "MANLY" enterprise! Well, sir, would you believe it, our faculty folks were pleased to take it in dudgeon! Yes, sir, to make a noise about it! This was intolerable; so two or three nights afterward the same *enviable* creature (I *suppose*, for I am not in *all* our secrets) assailed a little brick building attached to the institution, and which some wiseacre thought a very *necessary* appendage to it, and by one o'clock, A. M. its combustible parts were burnt to ashes. The cream of this *jest* was, that the building was very expensive and displayed a more than ordinary handsome exterior; but then it was a horrid *nuisance*, as every *reflecting* person will allow, especially when the wind blew fresh from the south. After this glorious and *brilliant* act of prowess, old Discipline became more and more shy of us, (and we of her too, in truth) till at last, one day, she had the *insolence* to snub three of the worthiest among us! *Then* it was that we resolved to throw off the hateful yoke—*then* with a Stentorian voice we bellowed an invitation to "the genius of revolt" to come and help us to shove Madame Dis' out of the window.—The kindly maiden came with alacrity, and, thanks to her aid, we soon found ourselves free "*men*." On the evening of this ever memorable day—this glorious epoch of juvenile liberty and equality, we proposed entertaining—I mean recreating—ourselves after the fatigues of our late exploits, with one of the rarest of all rare jokes. This was, in the first place, for some of us to attack one of our tutors, (after emptying a few bottles of cordial) and so mob him to death. In this act we should have been perfectly *justifiable*, for "many a time and oft" this fellow has had the base officiousness to interrupt our little parties of *innocent mirth*, in the very midst of their enjoyment, only, forsooth, because on those occasions the natural and allowable gayety of our hearts commonly bade us to the breach of a half dozen or so of the villainous laws of the house! In the next place, we were to proceed to an universal attack on the college windows—break them to pieces, and to throw them out of the doors, and then to—throw the doors after them. Then we were to—indeed I know not what we were to do next, unless to fire the college itself, and burn ourselves up in it, merely for a *finishing* stroke to the joke, and to give it more *eclat*. But the execution of this plan was completely spoiled by the audacious interference of some ninety or a hundred tasteless and barbarous Princetonians,

in consequence of which we *postponed* the matter. Notwithstanding this disappointment, we should have done well enough—and determined to hold possession of our castle, only that those naughty puppies turned us out of it. Unshaken by *adversity*, we entered into a league offensive and defensive, against the whole faculty; and swore most horridly that not a mother's son of us would ever in future acknowledge their *superiority*, unless they should make proper *concessions* to us, and duly to *humble* themselves, for the vile excesses they had so recently committed on our "*privileges*."

That they might not have a word to say against the strict *propriety* and *manliness* of our proceedings, we organized a committee to remonstrate with the trustees, at their meeting here, on the subject. Well, at this said meeting, (which lately took place) our representatives presented an *elegant* and *nervous* remonstrance, in which there was the most perfect harmony between respect and contempt, humility and insolence, &c. and yet, would you think it, sir?—it was sent back unopened!!! As many of us as *dared*, have since returned home to our nurseries, where some have been flagellated; some shut up in their rooms and fed on bread and water; and almost all roundly scolded by their *unfeeling* parents. For my part I am waiting here, shivering in my skin, under the constant apprehension that my dad will come in propria personæ, to lead me home to execution, after my late *misfortunes*; which, as he is the most *prejudiced* of men, I know that he would call *crimes* —and so, mercy upon my poor bones! What makes my case *peculiarly* irksome, is, that I received a letter from old square-toes a little time since, commanding my immediate return home —but knowing the *consequences*, I have ventured to disobey the mandate.

A circular from our committee to my dispersed companions, has made its appearance in Relf's Gazette of April 22d. As it is *above* all praise, and a just commentary on *all* its beauties would occupy at least two reams of *foolscap*, I refer you to the production itself, for a full knowledge of its *worth*. As to the 30 or 40 *spiritless* wretches who would not join us in this *memorable* business, I leave them to sink down to the quagmire of *merited* oblivion, and only mention them to say how much *I* and every other little "*man*" of spirit must nauseate at the very appearance, or even recollection of them.

A general account of this affair has been published by the *adverse* party, which, under the rose, has not a whit more of truth in it than there is of justice in the rusty maxims of their own college statutes.

With a *just* and "*man*" like esteem for insubordination, and "youthful privileges," and a cordial aversion to college laws, and college professors, I remain, dear sir,

Yours, very respectfully,
HECTOR PIGMY.

FROM THE EVENING POST.

UNRAC'D, ungracious, dull, demure, and vain,
A cavilling, cold, pert, disputatious train;
The nation's obloquy, the time's offence,
Infest philosophy and torture sense;
Pervert all truth, proscribe each finer art,
Fire the weak head, and freeze the feeling heart:
Adrift in Passion's tempest turn the mind,
And cut the moral cables of mankind;
In patch-work of exploded follies wrought,
Close quilted in good house wif'ry of thought,
Their heads with straws from Rousseau stubble crown'd,
Our metaphysic madmen rave round:—
As crafty means to check the mind's career,
And put inspir'd philosophers in fear;
To cramp the energies of soul and sense,
And constitute enjoyment and offence.
What food for ridicule! what room for wrath!
When Dullness dabbling o'er Ambition's fire,
In cloud and smoke and vapour will aspire.
Through each foul funnel of the press will rise,
And fill with fog the intellectual skies.

TRESHAM.

The Echo, 1 vol 8vo. 1807.

More elegant effusions of satire, more useful in their objects, or more

happy in their form, than the present, published at Hartford, under the title of ECHOES, and lately collected into a handsome volume, are seldom to be met with. The work is for sale by Messrs. Brisban and Brannan.

The origin, plan, and scope of the Echo will be seen in the following extract from the editor's preface.

"The principal poems in this volume, under the title of THE ECHO, owed their origin to the accidental suggestion of a moment of literary sportiveness, at a time when pedantry, affectation, and bombast, pervaded most of the pieces published in the gazettes, which were then principal vehicles of literary information. Willing to lend their aid to check the progress of false taste in American literature, the authors conceived that ridicule would prove a powerful corrective; and that the mode employed in the ECHO was the best suited to this purpose. A description of a thunder-storm in one of the eastern papers, furnished them not only with the hint, but with a suitable subject for the commencement of their plan. The favourable manner in which this first essay was received, determined them, occasionally, to continue the numbers.

"But the ridicule of a vitiated mode of writing was not long the sole object of THE ECHO. The important political changes, which soon after occurred, not only in Europe, but in America, produced a corresponding change in the republic of letters; and some of the principal gazettes of the country exhibited a disgusting display, not only of a perversion of taste in composition, but a still greater perversion of principle, in that hideous morality of revolutionary madness, which, priding itself in an emancipation from moral obligation, levelled the boundaries of virtue and vice, while it contemptuously derided the most amiable and sacred feelings of our nature.

"Disgusted with the cruelties exhibited by the French revolution, at a very early stage of its progress; and viewing it as a consuming fire, which, in the course of its conflagration, threatened to destroy whatever was most valuable in society, the authors wished to contribute their efforts in stemming the torrent of Jacobinism in America, and resolved to render the ECHO subservient to that purpose. They, therefore, proceeded to attack, as proper objects of satire, those tenets, as absurd in politics as pernicious in morals, the visionary scheme of equality, and the baleful doctrine that sanctions the pursuit of a good end by the most flagitious means."

The description of a thunder-storm, as here intimated, is the first subject *echoed*. In this *echoing*, so much of the relish, as the reader must be aware, depends upon the judicious selection of ridiculous phrases and thoughts, on comic combination, and on skilful caricature—in a word, on a free imitation, that, to separate the *reverberations* from the original sound, is to deprive them of infinitely more than one half of the advantage under which they have a right to appear. We shall venture, however, to cite a few of the passages by which we have been particularly gratified, referring, for their full illustration, to the prose text, prefixed by the editor to each poem.

In the opening of the Boston Thunder-Storm, we have an excellent specimen of the mock heroic of that captivating humour, which consists in the mixture of trivial and magnificent diction:

"On Tuesday last, great Sol, with piercing eye,
Pursued his journey through the vaulted sky,
And, in his car effulgent, roll'd his way
Four hours beyond the burning zone of day;
When lo! a cloud, o'ershadowing all the plain,
From countless pores perspired a *liquid* rain,
While, from its cracks, the lightnings made a peep,
And *chit-chat thunders* rock'd our fears asleep."

We defy the whole circle of humourous poets to produce any thing more exquisite than these *chit-chat thunders*. We defy any one to hear what has been hitherto called the *muttering* of the thunder, without calling this *new* epithet to mind. We defy him to hear the epithet, without fancying he hears what it so well, though so ludicrously expresses. The effect, too—'rock'd our fears asleep'—is given with equal felicity. Add to this, the verse closes the passage with a true example of the *bathos*.

Though we are not prepared to defend the taste of those, by whom laughable images, drawn from the Scrip-

tures, are written without intentional levity, and heard without disapprobation, yet we cannot withhold, in our zeal for genuine poetry, strong testimonies of our admiration of the brilliant lines which follow, and which occur in the fourth *Echo:*

" Long since thy Gentile sons, O Athens! paid
Their pure devotions to the sainted maid,
Her fane adorn'd with richest spoils of war,
And heap'd their offerings round her splendid car,
And, what must yield her goddess-ship delight,
Four thousand men in chains (a pretty sight!)
Around her shrine, with steps sedate and even,
Solemn as saints who've miss'd the road to heav'n,
In pairs advanc'd, as Noah's cattle mov'd
From the green pastures and the meads they lov'd;
While the good sire, conspicuous at their head
In Sunday wig, the strange procession led,
And Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, in a row,
With goads and cudgels, clos'd the goodly show,
Sore vex'd at CAPTAIN NOAH'S plan to roam
And leave their sweethearts and their wives at home,
Not relishing a pleasure voyage with hogs,
Skunks, toads, and rattle-snakes, and *prairie dogs,*
Their lives at stake, their property afloat,
Raw hands on board, no compass and no boat."

One capital means of elevation, in the mock heroic, is in the grandeur of the similes, which, in their turn, are to be rendered burlesque, by absurd detail and ridiculous images; the mean and contemptible are also to be raised, or rather exaggerated, by the approximation of the beautiful; and, in each of these resources of the art, the authors of the ECHO are deeply skilled. Of the latter, we have a specimen, in the fifth *Echo:*

" *Be told* Sam. Adams could not ope his mouth?
That mouth whence streams of elocution flow'd,
Like tail of saw-mill, rapid, rough, and loud—
Sweet as the honey-dews that Maia pours
O'er her green forests and her tufts of flowers.—"

Of the second, an instance not less happy presently succeeds; and in which we find the additional charm of *allusion*—allusion to serious and noble imagery—to the poetry of Milton:

" *By told,* that silenc'd by their clam'rous din,
He vainly tried one word to dove-tail in;
That, though he strove to speak with might and main,
His voice and strivings equally were vain—
Thus, when on bleak Norwegia's iron shore,
Mid rocky straits, where Ocean's billows roar,
If chance the unwieldy Kraken heedless stray
To make discoveries in the wat'ry way,
Though there the Nations of the deep resort,
And Whales at leisure play, and Grampi sport,
Yet wedg'd in rocks, or grounded on the sands,
For many a league his island bulk expands;
And, while the Maelstrom wildly raves around,
And heaven re-echoes to the dreadful sound,
In vain, with bellowing loud and fearful cries,
He lifts his voice in thunder to the skies,
Lost and confounded in the mightier roar:
But silent lies at length, and gives his efforts o'er."

The admixture of the burlesque is conspicuous in the following:

" Or, as when Sirius sheds his sultry ray,
And pours oppressive languor o'er the day,
While the shrunk stream scarce leaves its pebbly bed,
And one brown hue is o'er the landscape spread,
In thund'ring prayers the bull-frogs call for rain,
And pond to pond repeats the solemn strain."

And, again:

" To ease the torments of the great man's ghost,
Transplant th' inscription here from yonder post,
And, in the vacant niche, on glory's boards,
In golden letters write the following words:

" To honour SAM this bright inscription's
" made ;—
" 'Twas hither brought in wonderful pa-
" rade,—
" Astonish'd meteors throng'd the realms
" of day,
" While SAM's pure honours spread along
" the way."
Thus when sublime, by rapid whirlwinds
driven,
A kite majestic scales the vaults of heaven,
Bright through the air its tail in splendour
flies,
And paper glory blazes round the skies "

The ludicrous and the pathos follow each other with irresistible pleasantry, in four lines of an *echo* of a second *thunder-storm*, which, as the motto justly warns us, 'far transcends Bostonia's roar :'

" While men and beasts stood staring all
the while
To see Creation ope her mouth and smile :
The earth has *got* of rain a good supply,
And every thing is wet that late was dry."

The art of *re-ascending* is employed in the conclusion :

" Now, Nature's self, with mighty legs
and voice,
May skip in earthquakes, and in songs re-
joice ;
While man, the master of the tuneful throng,
Shall sound the pitch and *lead the choral
song*."

That the ECHO has a voice of no common minstrelsy, whether cheerful, soft, or rapid, will appear from our two final extracts ; the first from the fourteenth, and the second from " Extracts from Democracy, an Epic poem," printed in the same volume, and which we presume to attribute to the same source :

" Some of these streaks were follow'd
by a roar,
Which came so near the streak that went
before,
That if the first the earth did ever find,
The latter surely was not far behind,
And, though we have not heard which way
they went,
What place they stopp'd at, where their
fury spent,
Whene'er they're found, like birds of equal
feather,
I'll lay my ears you'll find them both to-
gether.
The ardent cloud continued to unlade,
Like sea-sick man, in violent cascade,
'Till Evening's shades, afraid to see the
sight,
Took care to spread the curtains of the
night,
But all in vain—old Sol his sweating o'er,
Kick'd off the clothes, and still'd his tune-
ful snore,
Just rais'd his head and op'd his drowsy
eyes,
And gave one flash of lightning through the
skies,
When lo ! the stars, who thought the night
begun,
In wild amazement, started back and run ;
While nodding Phœbus, trimm'd in slum-
bering cap,
Yawn'd out a smile and took his evening
nap.
But Luna, somewhat wiser than the rest,
Stepp'd softly out, in pink and silver dress'd,
And trod with cautious step the western
way,
To see if all were safe where Phœbus lay :
For well she knew if Sol again should rise,
And catch her idly flaunting round the skies,
He'd make her strip, to gratify his ire,
And dress herself in every day's attire.
But, when she found he certainly repos'd,
His lamp in truth burnt out, his eyelids
clos'd,
Round heaven's high arch her car celes-
tial roll'd,
O'er starry pavements gemm'd with liv-
ing gold ;
From orb to orb her fiery coursers flew,
And new-born splendours cloth'd th' ethe-
real blue."

Our second extract is in the best style of poetic narrative ; and the two taken together, and in conjunction with what has preceded, may be said to illustrate what it is to obey the precepts of the critic :

Soyez vif et presse dans vos narations :
Soyez riche et pompeux dans vos descriptions.
BOILEAU.

" Nor did less noise the Coffee room
pervade,
Nor less disturbance there the *Papers*
made.
The Chiefs seem'd glad ; their followers,
weak of mind,
Nothing but satire in the song could find :
Where most the Poet prais'd, there most
they swore,
The more of truth they saw, they rag'd
the more.
And oh ! what oaths terrific, threat'nings
dread,
What direful curses on the Poet's head,

What ills denounc'd, 'gainst those who
dar'd to vend,
Resounded through the room, from end to
end!
They swore and rag'd, and rav'd, and
fum'd, and vapour'd,
Shook fists, and sung and danc'd, and
kick'd and caper'd:
But 'gainst the Press their fiercest rage
was bent,
And, on its freedom, *all* their curses vent:
"Let the Press perish," loud the *patriots*
cry—
"Let the Press perish," echoing walls reply—
"Flourish Democracy," the shout goes
round—
"Flourish Democracy," the walls resound—
"Damn all the Friends of order," next
they bawl—
And echo dies along the wearied wall."

To conclude these remarks, not only do we profess our warm partiality for the plan and execution of this work, but most earnestly do we wish that the design might be further persevered in. Most earnestly do we wish, that this "sweetest nymph," this tell-tale ECHO, might resume her task, and again repeat, for the purposes of honest and humanizing ridicule, the vulgar and pedantic and whining fustian language which tortures us on almost every side; that she might expose the cant of *demagoguism* and philosophy, and fanaticism; the trucking and time-serving drawl of low ambition; the bombast of lunatic statesmen; and the gibberish of charlatans of every calling. Matter can never be scarce while there is a Cowles Meade to deliver an Oration, or a Jefferson to write a Message.

The following is the answer of Capt. Love, of the British sloop of war Driver, to the letter of Capt. Kalteisen, which appeared in our last:

"H. M. S. DRIVER,
Rebellion Roads, Charleston, May, 3, 1807.
"SIR,

"I have received your letter, and having some doubts as to the authority by which it was written, I thought proper to satisfy myself on that head, before I should reply. By the threat it contains, you appear like your government, to have something to learn. A British subject knows too well how to respect and obey the laws of his country, to offer intentionally, an outrage on those of others, when once they are known to be so; but I have to observe, the Proclamation you mention to have been issued in May, 1807, I know nothing of; of that issued in May, 1806, I have only to say, that so far from being either creditable or becoming in the President of a country, wishing to be ranked amongst the civilized nations of the world, it would, in the opinion of liberal and enlarged minds, have disgraced even the sanguinary pen of a Robespierre, or the most miserable petty state in Barbary.

It appears that the supposed offence is to be rendered by a repetition of the circumstances complained of, and that on those who, so far from having any thing to do with the supposed aggression, were not even on, or near the American coast, at the time. And as capt. Whitby's trial may, probably, at this moment be pending, with the concurrence of the United States, and the proclamation resting on his being brought to justice, it ought to have been thought of. However as my proceeding to sea comes within the limits of my intentions, according to the orders I am under, I shall do so whenever the pilot thinks proper—which orders have for their view the advantage of the American flag, as well as the protection of the British.

But I must observe, that the difficulty I have experienced in obtaining a sufficient quantity of water, for the purposes I wish, obliges me to have recourse to such methods as are completely within my power, which I otherwise should not have thought of. In the mean time, it is necessary to inform you, that his majesty's ship under my command, is at all times ready to resist and punish, any insult that may be offered to the flag she has the honor to bear, to the last drop of blood that shall remain of the dutiful and loy-

al subjects of a beloved sovereign, and an exalted country.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your humble servant,
WILLIAM LOVE.

To Captain Kalteisen, &c.
Fort Johnson, S. C."

Cheetham has made a marvellous and sudden display, or rather displosion, of patriotism, on this occasion.—In his paper of Monday, he tells us:

" I know not, nor care but little, how the remarks I am now about to make, will be received. During my seven years' editorship, I have expressed my opinions of passing events independently, leaving the reader to judge of them as he may think fit.

" If the letter of capt. Love does not raise the indignation of every man that reads it to the highest pitch, our prospect of remaining long an INDEPENDENT NATION, is not very flattering. I have no recollection of ever having read any thing so insolent and insulting.

" But what better can we expect? Nations are like individuals: This is an old doctrine, and new doctrines at this old time, however they may flatter the multitude, will not pass with the reflecting. If individual A. will suffer individual B. to kick and maltreat him, without due resistance, he can hardly imagine any limits to his suffering.

" Cool calculations of pecuniary benefits, or other considerations equally mean, have induced us to bear not a little kicking with Job-like patience. The Spanish jackall has contemptuously " spit upon our gaberdine," and we have very admirably, and almost without a murmur, wiped it off. The British lion, more daring, has preyed upon us in our very houses, without meeting with the resistance which self-preservation requires. Insult borne patiently and without sufficient resistance, invites insult. We know it theoretically, and we witness it in practice. One of the ends of political society is to defend itself, by means of its union, from all insults or violence from without. If the society is not in a condition to repulse an aggressor, it is very imperfect, it wants its principal support, and cannot long subsist. The nation ought to put itself in such a state, as to be able to repel and humble an unjust enemy. This is a most important duty, which the care of its perfection, and even preservation itself, impose both on the state and its conductors.

" Are we in a *condition to repulse an enemy from without?* Certainly not, generally speaking, and particularly in this quarter. We are not placed in a situation by government to enable us to defend ourselves. This important fact, which stares us in the face, and brings insults upon us, should induce us to prevail with government to do us justice. I make no invidious comparisons. All our administrations have been alike inefficient and indifferent in that particular; it is a fault common to all parties; and if, as I suspect, it is principally owing to the great influence of Virginia in Congress, I may be allowed to say that that influence should be diminished."

All this is very profound and patriotic, and in unison with the strain which Federalists have been harping for years.

Certain subsequent remarks on the same subject, are entitled to notice. We are told by the honourable counsellor Cheetham *all about* what *Vattel* says, and as how the British have plundered our ships, interrupted our navigation, and divers other enormities committed.

" For every wrong there is undoubtedly a remedy," says Cheetham, and so said Blackstone, another great man. This maxim, however, was originally applied to *civil* or *municipal* law. The " law of nations," for want of a proper sanction, too frequently becomes subservient to the old fashioned *right of the strong*. Without national *power*, we may whistle Lille bullero, by way of defending our national *rights*.

These mysterious and recondite truths were some how discovered by the Federalists some years since, and they accordingly again and again inculcated the necessity of arming and fortifying, and becoming *powerful*, in order to become *respected*.

They built and purchased ships of war for national defence, and made arrangements and appropriations for fortifying our harbours. But the party with which Cheetham has ever acted, embarrassed every proceeding, and in a great measure paralized every attempt to secure us the respect due to a great, free, and independent nation. It is owing to their machinations that

we have become perfectly defenceless, and that a single sloop of war can bid defiance to the whole military marine of the Union. Now, forsooth, they begin to bluster and *talk* big and swollen words about what ought to be done for the defence of the Union. After having led us into a labyrinth of difficulties, and whelmed us in a quagmire of disgraces, they pretend to be the very men to extricate us from our degrading and sunken situation!

Cheetham's confessions, however, contain proof that his political aberrations can no longer be imputed to a want of correct ideas relative to the nature and tendency of the measures pursued and pursuing by the men in power. He has shown that he despises the blustering imbecility of the weakest administration that ever, in any country, was intrusted with the direction of the public councils. He has passed the rubicon, declared war against the faction, which dooms us to fly to the mountains in case of invasion. He has shown that he is not like many of his democratic compeers, a dupe to the arts of Virginia. If he now returns to the bosom of that party which he acknowledges is ruining the country, by its remissness and neglect of duty, he will deserve to be hunted out of the society, whose confidence he has abused, and whose vital interests he will have betrayed.

FOR THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

"C'est peu d'aimer les vers, il faut les savoir lire."—*Francois de Neufchateau.*

OF those languages usually denominated learned, from various causes the Latin has obtained the most extensive and general circulation. Cultivated as it has been, with a few exceptions, by all who have arrived at eminence in the career of literature, the study of this language has for many centuries formed a conspicuous part in every plan of liberal education, throughout the civilized world. And, known only as a written language, it necessarily follows that the modes of pronunciation adopted by those who read it, are as various as the languages they severally speak; equally remote from each other and perhaps equally remote from the true. Indeed, in my opinion, were the orator of Tusculum to hear one of his orations pronounced by the mouth of a Roman, a Russian, and an alumnus of Oxford, he would be at a loss to determine in which of the instances the sense was most easily divined.

It is not my intention at present to enter into an inquiry respecting whose pronunciation approaches nearest the ancient Roman. This shall be reserved, perhaps, for some future lucubration. I mean only to make a few observations with regard to the mode of reading Latin, and particularly of Latin verse—an art which is very generally either unknown, or neglected. In truth, I have often wondered how those who understood the principles of Latin prosody, who could appreciate the quantity of every syllable, and even write verses in that language, should notwithstanding always read both prose and verse in the same manner. Nor have I been less surprised to find many, who were never in the habit of reading verse metrically, acquainted with quantity, and versed in the theory of measure. Such a knowledge can be acquired only by committing to memory a system of prosodiacal rules. And what benefit or pleasure one can receive from such an acquisition, when unapplied to practice, it is difficult to conceive. That there are many who, although acquainted with the structure of verse, yet neglect to attend to it in reading, is unquestionable. "Every one," says Dr. Beattie, "knows that the first syllable of *volunt*, in the line,

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ,

is short and every one pronounces it long." I ask the Doctor's pardon; every one knows no such thing, and of those who do know it, the writer is acquainted with many to whom such a pronunciation would be grating in the extreme. Indeed the most delicate and melodious verses, Virgil and Ca-

tullus read as mere prose, would be a hundred degrees more inharmonious than a period of Cicero, or of Tacitus.

There are other circumstances besides the harmony resulting from the metrical reading of verses, which should induce every student and lover of literature to acquire this art.

Not to mention the impossibility of ever composing a single verse without a knowledge of Latin prosody, the total impracticability of amending a single erratum in any poet, how glaring soever it may be, nor yet the danger of committing mistakes in quoting any poetical passage from memory, which would be almost universally superceded by such a knowledge, I would observe, that the habit of reading verse rythmically, infinitely facilitates the commitment to memory of any poetical passages.

I have been informed, that some young gentlemen now under the tuition of a scholar of the highest classical attainments, at a late exhibition repeated from memory, several thousand lines of one of the Poets. If these were repeated as so many lines of Livy or Cicero would have been, I confess they have displayed powers of memory, which I dare aver, have not been surpassed since the days of Trenk.

But to the mode of reading—as in English, every syllable in every word is either *accented* or *unaccented*, that is, pronounced with a stronger or a weaker impulse of the voice, so in Latin, every syllable, besides its accent, of which we are indubitably ignorant, both with regard to its nature and the place it obtains in each word, is distinguished into long and short—one long syllable requiring twice the time of a short one in pronunciation. "Longam (nempe syllabam) esse duorum temporum, brevum unius, etiam *pueri* sciunt," says Quintilian.

Contrary, however, to the genius of the Latin, the quantity of our words is generally determined by the accent, or rather, we are accustomed to class under the same name of accented syllables, both such as are really long, as such as though short, are pronounced with a more than usual emphasis, as, *e. g.* in the words *master*, and *matter*, we say the former is *accented* and the latter syllable *unaccented*, yet nothing is clearer than that in the word *master*, the penultima is *long*, and in *matter*, *short*, although under the accent.

It is true, that in reading Latin, such a distinction is not attended to, nor indeed is it necessary. The rythm and harmony is not affected in any measure, by it.

In treating the subject, I must premise, that I do not pretend to explain how each individual word should be pronounced. The sound represented by each letter cannot be ascertained, and consequently, still less that represented by a combination of letters. All I mean to attempt, is to elucidate the structure of the different species of Latin verse, and illustrate them by examples in English, of words connected in a similar manner, so as to enable any one to perceive the method and regularity that obtain in the ancient versification, adopted by the Greek and Roman poets.

The principal species of Latin verse are the hexameter, pentameter, asclepiadean, glyconian, sapphic, alcaic, and iambic.

All of these, except the last, are made up of a certain number of feet disposed in regular succession, and constituting lines or verses of various lengths. The feet again are composed of a limited number of long and short syllables. Hence the difference that subsists between prose and verse, is, that in the former the disposition of words of a certain quantity, is arbitrary, in verse fixed and determinate.

The following are the most usual sorts of feet, that occur in any poetical composition, the spondee, pyrrhic, iambus, and trochee, or choree, which are dissyllabic; the dactyle, and anapest, of three syllables. It is not necessary to suppose any other species. And even these it must be remembered, are purely hypothetical, and invented by the critics and grammarians, not by the poets themselves. Indeed, we have no reason at all to suppose that

in composition, the idea of these feet ever entered the head of the poet; just as when one writes English verse, he never thinks of the iambus, although the common measure observed in English poetry, is as purely iambic, as the Comedies of Terence, so far as the different genius of the languages permits. So habituated was the ear to the rythm, that there was not a possibility of making a mistake of this nature.

To begin then with the Hexameter, the measure made use of in all epic, didactic, and generally, in all poems of considerable length, it is first to be noticed, that each verse, as the name hexameter implies, consists of six feet. These feet are the *dactyle* and *spondee*; the former composed of one long and two short syllables, and the latter of two long ones, consequently equal in time. These feet are used indiscriminately, with this exception, that the concluding foot is *always* a spondee, and the penultima a dactyle. Hence, as in every verse there are six feet, and each foot contains four *times*, as Quintilian terms them, every hexameter contains twenty-four times, and is therefore precisely of the same length. But, as the number of syllables in every foot is unequal, the *syllabic* length of verses is also unequal. They are, however, necessarily restricted to the numbers between thirteen and seventeen, as any one must observe, from the nature of the verse.

DELTA.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN.

London, April 2.

Yesterday at 12 o'clock, his majesty came from Windsor to the Queen's palace. About half past 1 o'clock his majesty gave an audience to lord Erskine, when his lordship delivered up the great seal. At 2 o'clock his majesty had a private levee; at which the following had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand upon their several appointments:—lord Eldon, on being appointed lord chancellor; Mr. Robert Wand, on being appointed a lord of the admiralty; Mr. S. Bourne, on being appointed a lord of the treasury; the duke of Richmond, on being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland; lord Sidney, on being appointed ranger of Hyde and St. James's Parks, in the room of the earl of Euston; admiral Gambier, on being appointed a lord of the admiralty; major general the hon. John Abercromby, on being appointed to the command of the 53d regiment; lord St. John resigned his staff of office, as captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners. His majesty held a privy council, when lord Eldon was sworn in lord high chancellor.

We daily expect to receive intelligence of a battle which may eventually decide whether Bonaparte is to remain beyond the Vistula, or whether he is to hasten his retreat to the Rhine. Both parties, after the late tremendous trial of strength at Eylau, where nature turned pale at the sight of so much destruction, are bringing up the reinforcements. We have already mentioned, that the intention of the French is to turn the left wing of the Russians—but this intention is understood, Essen is opposed to Massena, with a superiour force; and unless the former be defeated, this last combination is disconcerted, and Napolean must retire.

We have seen some letters respecting the battle of Eylau, which throw new light on the circumstances leading to that tremendous conflict. Bernadotte, alias Ponte Corvo, being greatly pressed, sent for reinforcements. His courier was intercepted; and Bonaparte advancing to Koningsberg, found himself in front, not of a Russian detachment, but of the main army. A battle was then unavoidable; and it exceeded, these letters say, all that has ever been heard of or read in history. The number of the killed and wounded amounted to no less than 55,000 men.—Of those put *hors de combat*, 15,000 were Russians, and 40,000 French. The greatest loss of the latter arose from their advancing upon the most fortified part of the Russian line, where almost every assailant fell. They suffered also in another way. The gens d'armes a cheval made their way through the Russian wings; they were there met by the cavalry of reserve, and but 16 out of 5000 men returned to "the grand army." The Russians formed a compact mass—a column of granite, as the French would express it; but before night arrived, the appearance of the Prussian army, which had been fighting all day, put an end to the conflict, and caused the French to retreat.

—

Extract of a letter from Frankfort, March 15.

"For some days past there has been a report of three-fold alliance between France, Persia, and the Porte. Some say it is already signed by the two latter powers, and that France will accede to it."

In one of the poems of Pye, the present Poet Laureat of Great-Britain, we find the following description of the triumph of *Dulness*, by the aid of her auxiliary *Fashion*, against the combined forces of WIT, REASON, and BEAUTY.

First, Wit's impetuous train the fight began,
Full on the foe, with active force they ran.
The hardy sons of DULNESS bear the shock,
Sustain the onset, and their ardor mock.
Secure from wounds they fight, no hostile reed
Can make the sacred sons of dulness bleed:
CONCEIT, (whose tenfold shield's the surest fence
'Gainst all the fire of WIT, and force of SENSE;
In which, when held before the warrior's heart,
No weapon finds a vulnerable part;
But, from its temper'd verge the arrows bound,
Nor leave a mark, but blunted strew the ground.)
Conceit, propitious hovering o'er their heads,
Before his favourite band his buckler spreads;
Behind its ample round, they safely lie,
And scorn the shafts of satire as they fly.
Weak are the attempts of REASON to sustain,
The shatter'd force of WIT's defeated train;
Alike the baffled legions quickly yield,
And still victorious DULNESS keeps the field.

But different far, the martial scene appears,
Where her triumphant banner BEAUTY rears.
FOLLY and VICE, in vain their power oppose,
Wide o'er the field her car exulting goes;
Before her bands the hostile legions fly,
And round her shining chariot myriads die:
Even DULNESS learns to tremble at the sight,
Draws off her conquering sons and shuns the fight.
The trembling goddess, seiz'd with deep dismay,
Beheld the fatal fortune of the day:
Yet one remaining band some hope afford,
To snatch the victory from her rival's sword.
From various regious drawn, a troop she had,
Of forms uncouth, in dress fantastic clad,
The truest slaves of FASHION'S potent reign,
The keenest foes to BEAUTY'S gallant train.
A thousand arms they wield, and arts they know,
Destructive all to their triumphant foe;
Here AFFECTATION dress'd in fell grimace,
Distorts each feature of a lovely face;
Here Milliners and Mantua-makers join
Their cruel skill to hide a form divine.
Her alter'd legions, BEAUTY scarcely knows,
And shrinks astonish'd, from her shouting foes.

CRACKERS.

The following specimen of alliteration was written in Vermont, on account of a sort of a procession in honour of the notable Mat. Lyon, of spitting memory, which was accompanied by a hail storm.

A band of banditti, and desperate democrats, propose to parade in pompous procession to pamper the pride of an insolent Irishman. But heaven harasses them with a terrible tempest, and providence pelts them with a horrible hail storm.

An inscription to designate the occupation of a watch-maker, by the celebrated Governor Livingston, of New-Jersey.

Here are fabricated and renovated, trochleary horologes; portable and permanent, linguaculous, and taciturn, whose cyrcumgyrations are performed by internal spiral elastics, or external pendulous plumbages, invested with aureum or argentum integuments.

An American bull.—An American, speaking of the turbulent conduct of the "*hide-binders*," observed that these *low Irishmen* were so *used* to being *hung*, that they could not *live* without it.

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